

THE SENTINEL-JOURNAL

Entered April 23, 1903 at Pickens, S. C., as second class matter.

VOL. XXXVII.

PICKENS, SOUTH CAROLINA

NO. 1.

CRUEL PUNISHMENTS.

Sentences Imposed on Offenders by the Old Colonial Courts.

Alice Morse Earle instances in a book on "Punishments of Bygone Days" some of the picturesque but often cruel sentences of the colonial court.

In colonial days hog stealing was considered one of the most serious of crimes. At the first offense the thief's ears were slit, and at the second his ears were nailed to a pillory, and at the third he suffered death "without benefit of clergy."

Deceitful bakers and careless fish dealers had to "lose their ears," while he who spoke detracting words had his tongue bored by a bodkin.

A Frenchman traveling in America in 1700 describes the ducking stool as a "pleasant mode" of punishing a scolding woman. He says:

"Of members ye tongue is worst or beste. And yll tongue oft doth breede unreste worthe a ducking stoole."

In 1635 Thomas Hartley of Virginia wrote of his witnessing the execution of a ducking stool sentence:

"Day before yesterday, at two of ye Clock, I saw this punishment given to one Betsy Walker, who by ye violence of her tongue made her house and her neighborhood uncomfortable. They had a machine for ye purpose yt belongs to ye Parish. It has already been used three times this Summer. Ye Woman was allowed to go under ye water for ye space of 1/2 minute. Betsy had a stout stomache and would not yield until she had been under five times. Then she cried piteously. Then they drew back ye Machine, untied ye Ropes and let her walk home, a hopefully penitent woman."

It seems strange to read that almost within the memory of persons still living Mrs. Annie Royal was sentenced in Washington to be ducked for writing vituperative books. She terrorized the town by editing a "Paul Pry" paper. Even John Quincy Adams pronounced her a virago, and she was arraigned as a common scold. Mrs. Royal was sentenced to be ducked in the Potomac, but afterward released on paying a fine.

John Bunyan's Game.

Tip cat has never been a very fashionable sport, but it has been popular enough at least since the sixteenth century. It was at this game that the boy John Bunyan was playing when a sense of sin overwhelmed him. "As I was in the midst of a game of cat and, having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it a second time a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven or have thy sins and go to hell?' At this I was put in an exceeding maze, wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven and was as if I had with the eyes of my understanding seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me as being very hotly displeased with me and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for these and other ungodly practices."—London Standard.

Mary Was Obliging.

The Dundee Advertiser tells a story of a country cleric, still on the underside of forty, who was driving home along a road from an outlying hamlet when he overlooked a young woman. He recognized her as Mary, the maid of all work at a farm which he would pass on his way to the rectory, so he pulled up and offered her a lift. Mary was nothing loath, and the parson was glad of her company. All the way to the farm gate they chatted pleasantly, as country people do, and when her destination was reached he set her down. Then she thanked him for his kindness and his company. "Don't mention it, Mary; don't mention it," he said politely as he pulled the rug around his knees and gathered up the reins. "No, I won't," answered Mary in an obliging tone, and the young rector went on his way thoughtfully.

Hate at First Sight.

There are some who argue that love is born at first sight. However that be, I am certain that it is often that with hate. I have seen men in my time the first sight of whom was an insult to me—sudden, stinging, like a slap on the cheek. It is a strange thing, and I have never heard it explained satisfactorily. Sometimes in my own case I have attributed it to even so slight a thing as a certain turn of the nose, a curve of the lip, a droop of the eye, and again I have felt that it was due to nothing visible about the man, but rather to some subtle emanation from the very soul of him that maddened me as though I had inhaled the fumes of some devilish drug. Have you ever felt this?—American Magazine.

Truancy Vindicated.

An old gentleman upon seeing a small boy playing in the streets and remembering that the school term had begun a short time previous thought it his duty to take the youngster to task for being absent from school. Approaching the boy, he inquired:

"My son, how is it you are not at school instead of idling in the streets?"

Hesitating a moment, the lad replied:

"Well, pap's out of work, ma's sick, brother Johnnie got his arm broke, the baby's gettin' teeth, I ain't got no shoes and, besides that, there ain't no school today."—Judge's Library.

Irretrievable.

"George," sharply demanded Mrs. Ferguson as they sat at breakfast a few mornings ago, "what did you do with that letter to Aunt Rachel I gave you to mail for me last Wednesday?"

Mr. Ferguson clapped his hand on the breast pocket of his coat.

"Was it to Aunt Rachel?" he asked, hastily extracting from the pocket a bundle of letters and miscellaneous documents and looking them over.

"Of course it was. I wrote to ask her to come and spend the next six weeks with us."

"Laura," gasped Mr. Ferguson, "I—I mailed it!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Iron Crown.

The famous iron crown of Lombardy was of gold and precious stones set in a thin ring of iron which was believed to have been formed from a nail of Christ's cross. It was made by order of the queen of the Longobards in 591 and presented to her husband. With this crown Charlemagne was crowned and after him all the emperors who were kings of Lombardy. It was this same crown that Napoleon put on his head at Milan on May 26, 1805, exclaiming as he did so: "God has given it to me! Woe to him who touches it!"

The Perambulator.

There is no perambulator in the sense of baby carriage in Todd's edition of Johnson (1827), and the earliest quotation Dr. Murray's dictionary gives for the word is from a letter of Miss Yonge's in 1857. But the baby carriage seems to have annexed the name of an earlier invention. From the end of the seventeenth century until well into the nineteenth a "perambulator" was a machine for measuring distances by road and settling disputes—for instance, as to hackney carriage fares. It consisted of a wheel eight feet and a quarter in circumference, trundled with a handle and fitted with clockwork and a dial. Probably this machine took its name from the "perambulators"—men who took part in the official "perambulations" or beatings of parish bounds.

Notice to Debtors and Creditors.

ALL PERSONS holding claims against the estate of the late Job F. Smith must present the same by proven on or before the 15th day of July 1907, or be debarred payment; and all persons indebted to said estate, must make payment on or before the above date to the undersigned,
May 23, 1907/3 S. O. Skelton, Admr.

MEETING A LION.

Gorged With Food, His African Majesty Showed No Fight.

That the lion is not always the ferocious, roaring, wildly ferocious beast of legendary description may be seen from the following story, told by a member of a hunting expedition sent to Africa to secure animals for a menagerie:

"I was returning to our camp after a Sunday morning's visit to the settlement, totally unprepared to capture, and we never kill except when forced to do so in self defense. I had just topped a long incline and was walking my pony when on coming around a corner of the road hidden by some trees I saw seventy yards in front of me, basking in the sun on an open patch of burned grass, a magnificent full grown lion. The sun was not strong, and he was very, very lazily flicking his tail from side to side. He had a short mane, and his eyes were a lovely amber red in the weak sunlight."

"My first sensation was one of astonishment, profound amazement and delight at seeing such a fine beast. He was a beauty, and it seemed impossible to realize that he was really wild as he lay on his side looking at me with his head raised as a dog does when he hears his master's footsteps. He was as fat as butter, sleek coated and glossy."

"My pony, as the breeze was coming from the other direction, did not mind him and went steadily on without so much as pricking up his ears. My dog was walking on in front about ten yards and luckily did not notice him. It was not until I was actually passing him, which I did within twenty yards, that I realized that if the lion took it into his head to fancy a bit of white man I should be unable to dispute his right."

"After I had proceeded some 150 yards the lion got up leisurely and followed along the road behind me, but after going about 100 yards he turned into the bush at the side of the road."

"The truth of the situation was that his majesty had just gorged himself, and a lion will not attack unless hungry or wounded. This condition saved my dog, for lions and tigers have a strongly developed love for canine flesh."—Columbus Dispatch.

Where She Found the Sermon.

A certain Boston man doesn't go to church often, but a week or so ago he was persuaded by his wife, and they attended services together. Upon their return home he regarded her with a teasing look and asked:

"Now look here, dear. Which is worse, not to go to church at all, or to go and pay absolutely no attention to the service?"

"If you mean that for me, I think you are horrid," she said.

"Well, you didn't. You were looking at all those diamonds the woman in front of you had on all the time."

For an instant she blushed, for she is an honest little woman, but quickly recovered her poise.

"Oh, well, suppose I was," she retorted. "Didn't you ever hear of sermons in stones?"—Exchange.

Pretty Green.

The conductor had every appearance of being new to the business. The car was well filled with a matinee crowd, and among the passengers was a flashily dressed individual escorting two overdressed young women. The conductor entered, stood before the trio and asked for the fares. The man handed him a dime and a nickel, whereupon the conductor asked:

"Three?"

"No; four," said the sporty chap, smiling.

Four fares were promptly registered, and the green conductor seemed at a loss to know what the passengers were laughing at.—New York Times.

FIRELESS COOKING.

How the Hunters of the Northwest Forests Prepare Food.

Fireless cookers have been in use for many times among the guides, hunters and trappers of the northwest, and some of them have become so adept that they can prepare unusually tempting meals.

On many of the best known portages, says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, the guides set up the tents on the old camping places because there they find the half frozen stones needed to construct the oven.

On top of these they build a fire, and when the stones are red hot the Indians set them up in the form of a covered box, inside of which has been placed the saddle of venison, a pair of partridges or perhaps a bear's ham. Instead of the heavy felt of the German contrivance they cover it all over with thick moss, the green side in, over which is piled soil if it may be had conveniently.

The next morning the roast is certain of being cooked to a delicious turn. It has either been spit-roasted on a clean wand of birch, which imparts no ill flavor to the meat, or else a grill of sticks has been laid across the oven, upon which its contents have rested.

Sometimes the easier plan is adopted of allowing a sharp pointed stick to project through from the outside at one corner, the outer end being firmly stuck into the ground. In any case the object is to keep the joint from touching the sides of the oven, which are seldom very clean.

Beyond the preparation of the oven and the building of the fire required to heat the stones, this method of cooking requires only little attention. The meat being properly placed in the improvised oven, it is allowed to remain there until its presence is desired at the table. There is no possibility of the meat having been overdone. Many hours are required to cook the meat, but after that it is a matter of small moment if it is left to the action of the heat a few additional hours. The chances are that when the meat is taken from the oven it will be found done to a turn, and it will be voted by those who have partaken, to be the finest, juiciest piece of meat ever encountered.

While it is a fact that the meat cooked in this manner is particularly well flavored, its toothsome qualities are in a great measure due to the seasoning secrets of the cooks. Men who go into this country on hunting expeditions rarely ask their cook guides about their methods of cooking further than what is to be seen, for they would get little satisfaction. There are certain secrets relative to the use of herbs and some other tricks which are handed down from one generation to another and which will never get outside of the family. Sometimes a guide will get more of a reputation for his cooking than for his knowledge of the country, and his services will be in special demand by those excursionists who are wont to give some attention to the creature comforts on these hunting expeditions. These hunters guard their culinary secrets jealously and hand them down only to their successors along the line.

Discriminating.

Next to a difference of taste in jokes an incompatibility of musical appreciation is surely the greatest strain upon the affections. Here is a story to prove it. It is the story of a musical daughter and an unmusical mother. The daughter is barely more than three years old, but she has already shown every sign of the keenest musical liking. The mother, on the contrary, can hardly turn a tune. The other evening the mother wanted the daughter to go to bed. The daughter didn't want to go. "Come, Ethel," said the mother by way of final persuasion, "if you'll go to bed like a good girl, I'll undress you and sing you to sleep myself." "Oh, no, mamma," the daughter hastened to add. "You can undress me if you like, but please let nurse do the singing."

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How He Hit His Rival.

A pessimistic young doctor publicly deplored the impossibility of getting rich and the difficulty of earning a decent living in the medical profession without incessantly burning the candle at both ends.

"Stuff and rubbish, my lad!" a boastful old doctor cried. "There's as much money to be made now in spite of competition as ever there was. Take my case, for instance. I've lots of patients, and I'm making money quick. But do I look overworked? Do I ever seem pressed for time? Have I not always plenty of leisure?"

"You certainly take life easily," the pessimistic young doctor replied smoothly.

Then the company smiled, and the boastful doctor fell into a train of thought.—London Express.

Seacoast and Civilization.

It is an odd theory, yet no doubt the correct one, that the coast area of Europe has probably had more to do with the commercial and social supremacy of that continent than any other cause. Investigation will show that Europe has a mile of coast for every 164 square miles of its land area, while the Americans, which rightly come next, have 359 square miles of land to every mile of coast. Asia has 376 miles and Africa 530 square miles to each mile of coast. The low order of culture still prevailing on the dark continent, though its history is as old as that of any other portion of the world, is almost indisputable evidence of the correctness of this theory.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
stops the cough and heals the lungs